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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

VOL. LXI. No. 1577.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, May 22d, 1907.

PROPERTY

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

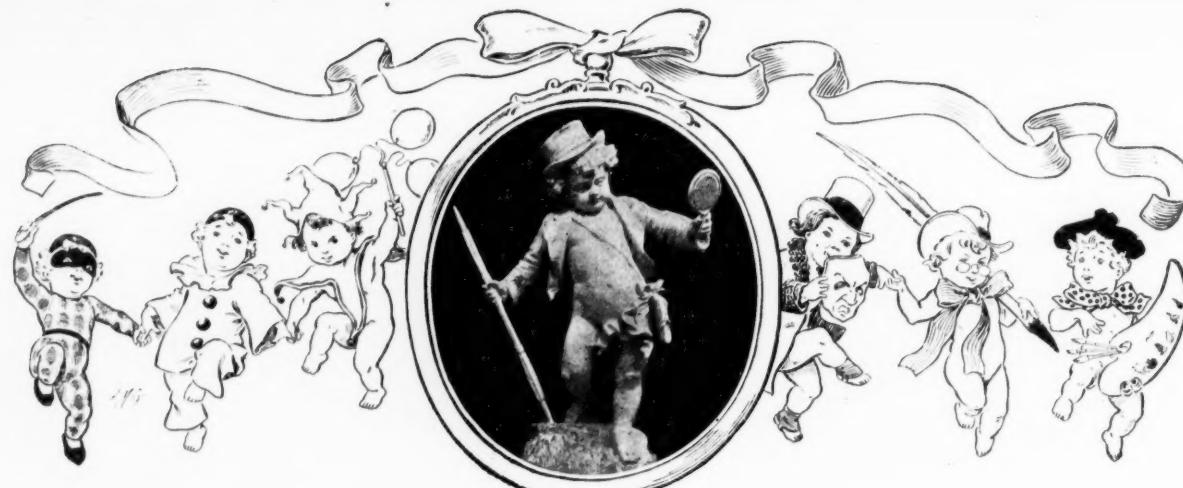


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EXERCISING THE MOUNTS.

A CASE FOR THE S. P. C. A.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE AMERICAN ICE COMPANY is to go in the coal business. It has got to protect itself somehow against late springs.

MR. HEARST, the peerless leader of the comic people, has sounded a call for a new party, and has copyrighted the party emblem—two slaps crossed.

PEOPLE have an unfortunate desire to know what they do not need at all to know and what is of no use to them. This is tragedy to me.

—The Rev. Dr. Aked.

But comedy to Mr. Hearst, and Mr. Pulitzer, and Mr. Harmsworth, and others of our esteemed contemporaries. Fortunately PUCK prints nothing that is not useful and edifying.

"THE PEACE MOVEMENT is a thousand years old, and I believe it is progressing to a successful issue."—Secretary Root.

Except in the Republican Party.

THE PROTECTIVE Tariff League has discovered in Secretary Taft "a devoted friend of the semi-servile and half-savage Filipino." The more honor then to Secretary Taft. The Protective Tariff League, on the other hand, is the friend of nobody who is not a principal or a hireling of "special privilege."

"I HAVE an intense desire," says Gov. Hughes, "to see the Republican party redeem its pledges." Long life to our good Governor! But the Republican party has no intention of redeeming its pledges, except at the muzzle of a public sentinel Gatling. The party has not yet removed the Civil War taxes—one pledge that is nearly outlawed.

DOES NOT the line, "The Man With the Hook," suggest to Poet Markham, the Sweet Singer of Staten Island and captive guest of the Pleiades Club, a splendid opportunity to sing the down-troddenness of the striking longshoreman? Give us the Hook, Markham!

A MAN HAS to be Bill Taft size to believe that "the Presidency is too big and too dignified an office to be made the subject of political jockeying."

IT is not true, says President Mellen, that the New Haven Railroad has spent money to influence legislature. Then the commonly expressed belief that, "the New Haven road owns the Connecticut legislature body and soul," is unfounded. Curious how such notions become popular.

JOHN L. called at the White House recently, with the result that John L.'s nephew, who was court-martialed for desertion from the army, has been freed from prison. Perhaps, if the Hon. George Dixon or the Hon. Joseph Gans had called at the White House in behalf of the Brownsburg troopers, the latter might now be quite pleasantly disposed toward President Roosevelt.



AT THE SENATE'S NEXT SESSION.

"I need constant massage treatment."—Senator Platt.

PUCK



TIPPING HIS NAME.

CASEY.—Pur·ty Poll! Polly want a cr·racker?

THE PARROT.—You're a liar!

CASEY.—I beg your pardon;—Teddy want a cr·racker?

AN AWFUL HIT.

ONCE on a time I wrote some verse;
A very simple little ditty,
Of words quite plain and phrases terse;
When done, I mailed it to the city.
"Mayhap this magazine," thought I,
As in the box my screed I thrust,
"Will haste this lyric gem to buy."
It came back soon, to my disgust.

I pondered on my simple lay
And wondered what in blazes ailed it.
It seemed as good as on the day
That to the city I had mailed it.
They would not print my artless verse!
Another style might fare some better!
I penned some stanzas that were worse
And, once again, I mailed my letter.

This time I sang of Parapoos,
I'd never heard of such a place;
Just where it is I am not sure,
But that, I hold, is no disgrace.
Along Pactolian sands I strayed
And oft' I hit my lyre a swat.
Just where these sands are really laid
Perhaps you know, but I do not.

An ovine herd wound slowly down
The semipternal road nearby.
The biggest lexicon in town
Is witness that I do not lie.
At length I closed the learned writ
And mailed it to the magazine;
The thing has made an awful hit,
But please don't ask me what I mean.

Paul C. Willard.



"THE MIKADO" REVISED.

ENGLAND MIGHT PERMIT IT IF THE CAST WERE DRESSED LIKE THIS.

MRS. TAYLOR.—What's that saying about the watched pot, Bob? A watched pot—
MR. TAYLOR (*absently*).—A watched pot is seldom shy.

UP AGAINST IT.

SUFFERING SNAKES!" groaned the writer of heart-interest melodramas, after smoking three cigars and several pipes of cut plug without writing a line; "I'm stuck for fair this time."

"What is it, dear?" tenderly inquired his wife. "Got the heroine, in rags, on the banks of the Panama and trying to work in a snowstorm?"

"Nothing so easy," said the brain-fagged man. "I've reached the point where help for the hero has to arrive in a hurry and I'll certainly be guilty of plagiarism if it comes by horse, locomotive, carrier pigeon, automobile, Saint Bernard dog, trolley car, bicycle, airship, submarine boat, or roller skates!"



GUTENBERG'S VISION.

"Lieber Gott! Will posterity ever forgive me for inventing the printing press?"

Of course, with our origin, it is scarcely to be wondered at that some of us are still of the common, or garden variety.

PUCK

A DOZEN WORDS.



"EAR ME, yes, a telephone in the house is a great time-saver," said Mrs. Clatter to a caller. "I really do not know how I ever got along without one. I often say that—there! that's our ring, ring now—one, three, six, eight, ring two! I think that it is my grocer calling me up. He calls me up every Friday afternoon. I'll show you just how easy and nice it is to simply step to the 'phone and give him your order in a dozen words instead of going down to the grocery. Hello! Is this Mr. Freely? Yes, I thought it was you, Mr. Freely. I said to a lady friend who is calling on me that I thought it was you. I'm so glad you didn't forget to ring me up, for I need quite a lot of things this morning. Have you your order book right there? Yes? Then I will give you my order. You may send me a pound of your best raisins and —what? You don't get it? Raisins, I said, raisins! r-a-i-s-i-n-s—raisins. Get it? So glad. You know I don't hear you as distinctly this morning as usual. When you rang me up day before yesterday I heard much plainer than I do this morning. But then I am just getting over one of these all-prevailing colds that seems to have affected my hearing a little and —what is that? Your wife has been having just such a cold? Oh, every one is having them. The weather is so changeable. I think that —what is that? I didn't get that. You will have to repeat it. Oh, what else do I want? I got it that time. Well, I want a pound and a half of good cooking butter—good butter, remember. The last cooking butter was not quite so good as it should have been. It

tasted some of the tub and —what is that? You have'nt had any complaint about it? Well, it certainly *did* taste of the tub. Then you may send me a pound of your best breakfast bacon, sliced very, very thin—*very* thin, remember. My husband is extremely fond of breakfast bacon and eggs, and he is particular about having it very, very thin, so that it will fry up real crisp and nice. A friend of mine was telling me of a new brand she has that she thinks is the finest she ever had. I can't remember the name of it. Seems to me it begins with H. If you have that kind, I wish you would send it. I would like to try it. Breakfast bacon is something that must be very nice if it is nice at all, and, as I say, my husband is extremely fond of it and so are the children. It is the only kind of pork we ever eat here excepting in very cold weather when we now and then have a real nice roast of pork with browned potatoes. I think one can eat pork without feeling it in real cold weather, and I was reading the other day that it is really just as healthy when properly cooked, as any other meat, and —what is that? I didn't quite get it. Oh, what else do I want? You may send me a pound of chipped dried beef—very nice, I want. We like cream dried beef for breakfast when it is very, *very* nice, and you may send a quart of your best cranberries—the best, please. I find that it never pays to buy the cheaper grade of cranberries. There are so many small and imperfect ones in them. The last you sent were not quite up to the standard. I always strain my cranberries and make them into a mould, and for some reason those you sent last week would not congeal and came out so thin they ran all over the dish. I was disappointed because we had company that day, and I was especially anxious to have the cranberries come out nice and perfect. But I often find that when you want a thing to come out extra nice, it comes out just the other way, and —what is it? Do I want anything else? Oh, yes, indeed! We are out of a good many things. I have a new maid in my kitchen and she is very careless about telling me when things give out, and I found out this morn-



A CASE FOR A YOUNGER DOCTOR.

PUCK



OH, WOULDN'T IT!

MRS. OFFENSTUCK.—What is so fascinating, so romantic, as antique furniture? Ah, if it could speak, what stories it would tell!

ing that we were out of several things that I would have ordered Wednesday had I known that we were out. I want a dollar's worth of your best laundry soap. I find that it pays better to buy a dollar's worth at a time and let it dry and harden, and then it doesn't wash away nearly so much. I really have enough soap in the house now to last two or three weeks, but, as I say, it pays to buy it in advance and let it harden. How much are your best eggs now? What? I didn't get it. Fifty cents a dozen? Dear, dear! Are they still so high? One of my neighbors tells me that she gets excellent eggs for forty-eight cents. Fifty cents is an awful price for eggs. I am using more than ever now since all that scandal about the meat packing came out, although my husband thinks that most of it is just mere talk. So much that one hears nowadays is just talk, and I honestly think that the newspapers make up a lot of it. Anything in the world that will give them these dreadful scare head lines and—how many eggs do I want? Well, I think that a dozen will do—large eggs, please, and you know that I prefer the brown-shelled eggs. My husband thinks that it is all nonsense about the color of the egg having anything to do with the quality, but I read an article in a poultry journal, when I was in the country last summer, and—what is that? I told you about that article? Oh, have I? Well, I believe it, so I want brown-shelled eggs, and you may send me a dozen cooking eggs. How much are they? That much? My! how the cost of living has increased! A few years ago we could get the best eggs for a quarter a dozen, and see where they are now! I think people are eating more eggs than ever, and—what is that? You have a customer there waiting to give her order? Well, you have a customer here who is giving her order. I never

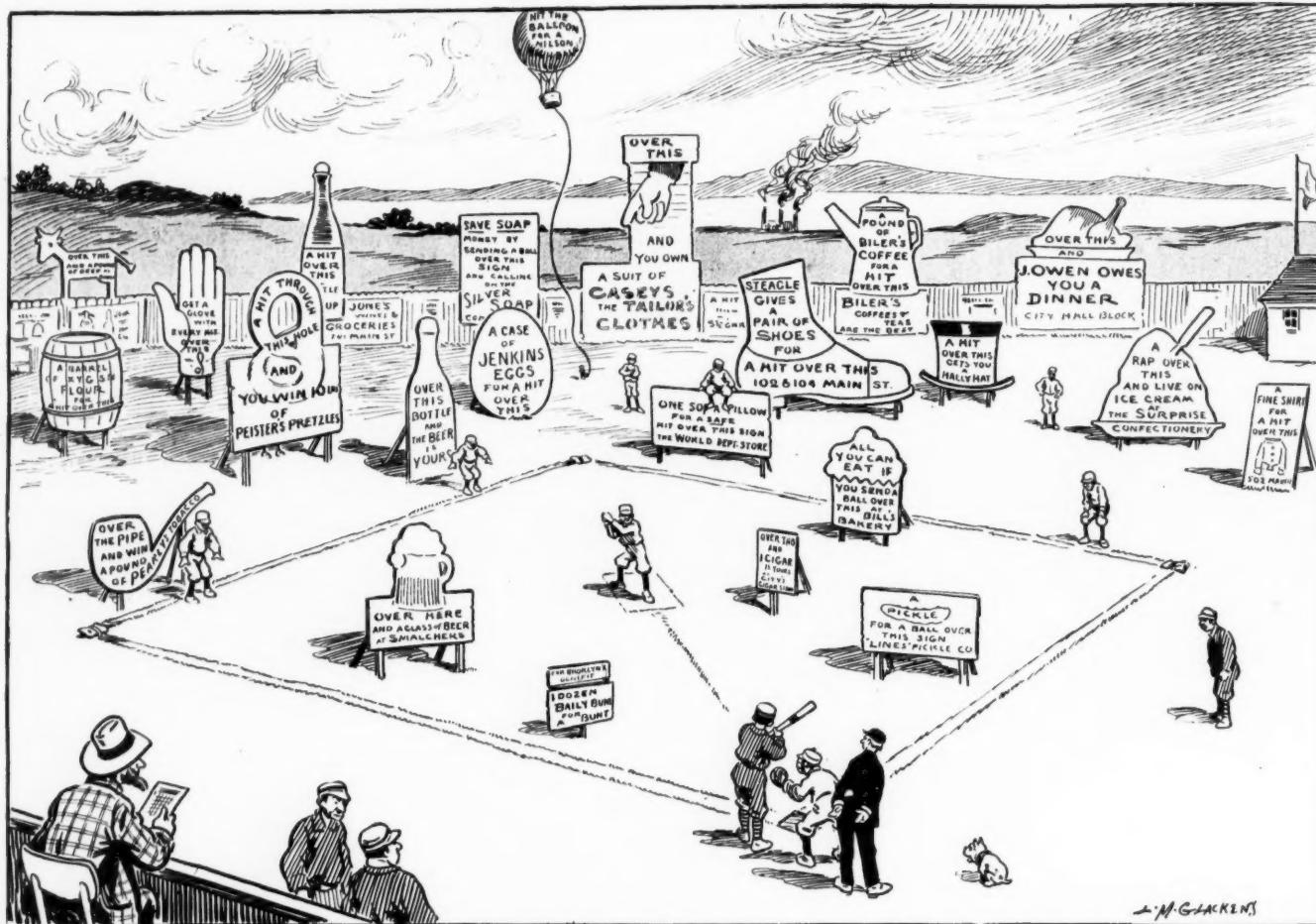
like to be hurried when I am giving an order. It takes my mind from it to be hurried, and I am apt to forget. You may send me half a pound of Mocha and Java coffee, mixed. I prefer to buy it in small quantities because it loses its flavor and strength when it stands long, and we use coffee only twice a week. We find it too stimulating to use it every day, although we would like to do so, and I, as I say, I prefer to order a little at a time in order to always have it fresh, and—what? I didn't get that. I think you have your mouth too close to the 'phone. Say it a little slower. Oh, I got that. Yes, I want it ground, of course. It is years since I had a coffee mill in the house. Then you may send me a pound of your best flaked rice—your best, please, for—you didn't hear me? No, no; I didn't say anything about the price, I said rice—r-i-c-e. Get it? Yes, a pound. We don't use a great deal. Then I want some candied citron. What? It sounds as if I want a can to sit in? Well, I never said that. I said candied citron—candied—no, no, not candy of any kind. This 'phone is acting very badly this morning. I said *candied citron*. Get it? That's it. I guess that is all for to-day. You know I sent in quite a large order on Wednesday, and for that reason—oh, yes, you may send me a pound of filberts. Get it?

Hello, there! Hello! You gone? Hello! Dear me! I guess he has rung off. Well, I am in no hurry for the filberts. Now you see how handy a 'phone in the house is. You can just step to it and in a dozen words save yourself a trip down town. It is a great time-saver. You know that I have been able to join another whist club since we had our 'phone put in, and I can sit here and have pleasant little chats with my friends, only if you talk too long the company is apt to make some complaint about you holding



THE TABLET VARIETY.

BABYLONIAN LETTER CARRIER.—By the great hanging gardens, if the government doesn't do something to stop this souvenir post-card craze, I'll resign my job!



THE WAY TO GET A WINNING BALL TEAM.

EVEN A POOR BATSMAN MAY MAKE A HIT, IF THERE IS ENOUGH IN IT FOR HIM.

the wire so long, but then I always say what I have to say and then get done with it. You know this is a four-party line, and if you really care to do such a thing, you can listen when others are talking and hear everything they say—every blessed word. Of course I never do such a thing, excepting by mistake. Sometimes I think it is our ring when it isn't, and then of course I can't help hearing things if I sit at the 'phone. Of course I never listen intentionally—only until I find that it isn't our call. There seems to be a young lady who is engaged on this line. Her ring is four and ours is two and two of sounds like four when the ring is real fast, so I sometimes go to the 'phone by mistake when this young lady and the gentleman she must be engaged to are talking, and it is ridiculous to hear them. He calls her 'darling' and she calls him her 'precious sweetheart' right over the line. I think they talked a good fifteen minutes about their coming wedding the other day. He told her he had marked the number of days until it would be on card he kept under his pillow, and every night he erased a day and kissed the card. Did you ever hear of anything so silly in your life? She told him he was a 'foolish boy,' and he actually sends her kisses over the 'phone. Wouldn't you think that it would occur to them that some one on the line might be mean enough to listen to them? Of course I always hang up the receiver soon as I know it is not my call. Then there is a man on this line who seems to be awfully in debt for people are always dunning him over the 'phone. It must be awfully to be dunned over the telephone. I feel sorry for him every time I hear people saying the things they say to him before I have time to hang up the receiver. I think one man gave him a good five-minute's call-down about a bill the other day, and he swore back over the line. I tell you I hung up the receiver in a hurry when it came to that. I don't think people should be allowed to swear over the 'phone. It makes it so horrid if you happen to be at the 'phone by mistake. Then ring

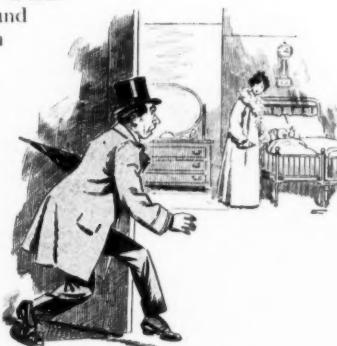
three, seems to be the ring of a man and his wife who certainly don't get along very well together. They are always scrapping over the 'phone when he is at his office. He rang her up the other day to ask her about a bill she had made down town, and the way he talked to her was awful. But he got as good as he sent. They certainly scrapped a good ten minutes over that line. Think of the bad taste of a man and his wife quarrelling by telephone. If I was small enough to listen intentionally, I could hear a great deal, but—must you go? I wish you could stay longer. And I wish that you had a 'phone and that you were on our line. It would be so nice to ring you up just any time. It really saves making calls. You can do as much in a dozen words by 'phone as you can running around three or four hours. Do run in again soon."

Max Merryman.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

"AT LAST! At last!" excitedly exclaimed the wireless telegraph operator; "Mars is calling!"

"About time," grunted the president of the company, who happened to be absent from Wall Street. "Now, young man, submit this schedule of rates to the Martian company and find out if they'll agree to stick to it, before we waste any unnecessary words."



AT 3 A. M.

HIS WIFE.—You needn't make any excuses, John. It's all right; you're just in time to walk the baby for an hour or two.

At the very least, one can make one's deviation from the straight line a graceful curve.

PUCK



AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

"It's a little precaution, that's all. Whenever I'm tempted to invest in mining stock, I come out here in the backyard and ask myself if I'd put any real money in the Golden Fleece."

May Melange.

THE IDYLLIC POET RECITES.

GENTLE JOHN was as good as gold.
He always did as he was told.
He never played with rowdy boys,
And dolls and jacks were his favorite toys.
John had no taste for manly sports,
And even shunned the tennis courts.
His only thought, in school or college,
Was how to stuff himself with knowledge.
The consequence was that he filled his noddle,
But the boys all called him a "mollycoddle."

Teasing Tom was a very bad boy.
A great big stick was his favorite toy.
He walloped the boys and teased the girls,
And privately snipped their yellow curls.
When he played football he'd gouge and kick,
And he hit the line like a ton of brick.
He excelled in every strenuous sport,
And his smash was famed on the
tennis court.
When Tom grew up he was Roosevelt's pet,
And a member of his Tennis Cabinet.



A SWELL SHAPE.

Next to the gentleman after whom bears, camels, gypsies and other fauna are named, America's best known citizen is Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan. He enters the drawing-rooms of princes and potentates as freely as W. T. Stead, and is much more welcome. The secret of Mr. Sullivan's popularity is sincerity and a lack of frills. To some his mode of speech may seem *outré*, but it is merely the terminology of the squared circle, from which Mr. Sullivan looks out benevolently and philosophically at the passing show. To him all the world's a prize-ring and all the men and women merely lightweights, middleweights and heavies. Mr. Sullivan is a heavyweight, and he admires men in his class, like Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Taft, who is really a super-heavyweight. "All big men are good fellows," he observes; and in this opinion he is one with two others of the world's great. "Let me have men about me that are fat," said the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, which sentiment is approved by Theodore the All Right. The lean and hungry sort are dangerous.

In a few weeks the planet Mars will be nearer the earth than usual, and the Martians will have a clearer view of our stupendous project on the Isthmus. It must puzzle our solar system neighbor. Why, with all our water, should we dig a canal.

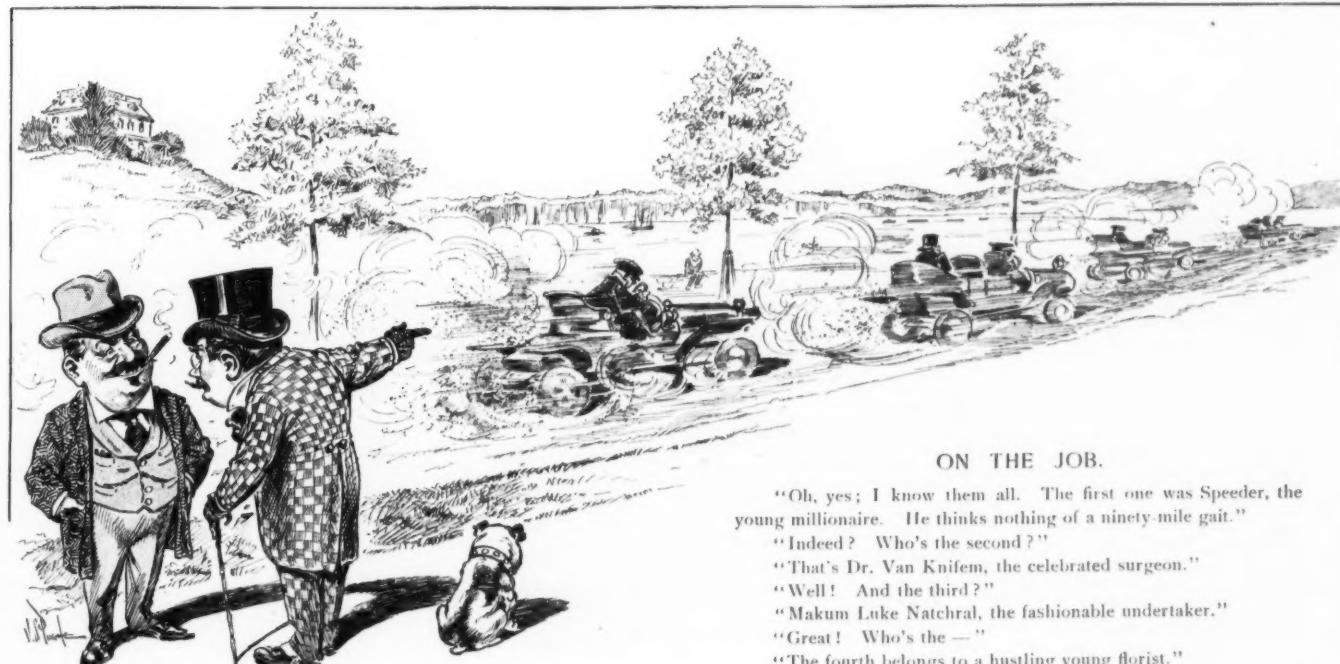
Senator Platt says he is perfectly well and healthy, but he "needs constant massage treatment." We are unable to understand how the virtues of massage get through a hide like Platt's. Perhaps the lady operator uses a lawn-roller.

B. L. T.

NOT YET, BUT SOON.

THE MERE MAN (*in front of theatre*).—Beg pardon, but are you a ticket-speculator?

THE POMPOUS ONE (*freezingly*).—I'm one of the underwriters of the tickets for this theatre, if that's what you mean?



ON THE JOB.

"Oh, yes; I know them all. The first one was Speeder, the young millionaire. He thinks nothing of a ninety-mile gait."
"Indeed? Who's the second?"
"That's Dr. Van Knifem, the celebrated surgeon."
"Well! And the third?"
"Makum Luke Natchral, the fashionable undertaker."
"Great! Who's the —?"
"The fourth belongs to a hustling young florist."



THE PUCK PRESS

"THE PAN

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY

ROOM.

COMMON HOO

SY

FRENZIED
ACCOUNTS

THE PANIC"

PUCK

A TIMELY TALE.



IT WAS in one of those new mining towns of the Southwest, where each man keeps his own private time as his conscience and the vagaries of his watch dictate, according to the liberty guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence and the Magna Charta, and where, as a result, no two timepieces tell the same hour.

An eastern visitor, burdened with two suit cases and an excess of dignity, marched into the railroad station and asked the ticket, freight and baggage agent when the next east-bound train would arrive.

"Number Ten? Left two hours ago. Next train to-morrow, 8:37."

"Great Scott! Gone already? What's the matter with your road? By the hotel clock it isn't due for twenty minutes."

"That so? Well, sir, we don't run the trains by the hotel clock."

"According to the barkeeper's watch at the Palace Café, it isn't due for an hour and ten minutes."

"That's all right. Gin Fizz Charlie ain't a director of *this* road. He's on the Booze Route."

"And by the Mine Superintendent's watch it's just due now. Look here, what kind of time do you keep in this God-forgotten Shantytown-on-the-Hill?"

The ticket, etc., agent regarded the indignant easterner with cold and official eye as befitting the dignity of the great corporation he represented.

"Well, sir, we have several kinds of time in this city. We have S. P. time; we have Santa Fe time; we have local or sun time; at Cohen's Three Ball Diamond Emporium they've got a chronometer that keeps Greenwich time; the night of pay day in the old town we have a hot time; and just before the funeral of one of this here plug-hatted, lily-fingered, shad-bellied New Yorkers, of the long-nosed, finicky and supercritical variety we generally have a hell of a time. Shall I wire 'em to run back Number Ten or will you favor us with your company till to-morrow, sir?"

The stranger decided to wait.



FORCE OF HABIT.

MAGISTRATE (*in his private office*).—I hereby sentence you to be man and wife, or pay a fine of ten dollars.

PUCK'S SCHOOL OF CRIME.

WHY work honestly on a small salary when we can show you by mail how to double your income without interfering (at first) with your present employment?

Anyone will tell you that there is more money in raising currency than in raising mushrooms.

Learn to be a pickpocket. Some pickpockets make more money than school-teachers. We will teach wives to pick their husbands' pockets, and husbands to pick other people's pockets. Pickpocketing is a light genteel profession, and if you have the ability there is no limit to what you can make or the prominence you may attain as a pickpocket.

Three of our students are now in the House of Representatives, four are successful lawyers, another is a wealthy judge, and so on. This course includes mine promoting and industrial insurance.

If you are earning less than \$50,000 a year we can help you.

Classes forming. Don't delay. Begin now. Address PUCK's School of Crime, New York.

PROVINCIAL DIAGNOSIS.

REGULAR PHYSICIAN.—Well, doctor, now that you have seen the patient what do you say?

CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.—H'm! We are pretty far west, but suppose we anticipate the fashions a little, and call it a brain-storm?

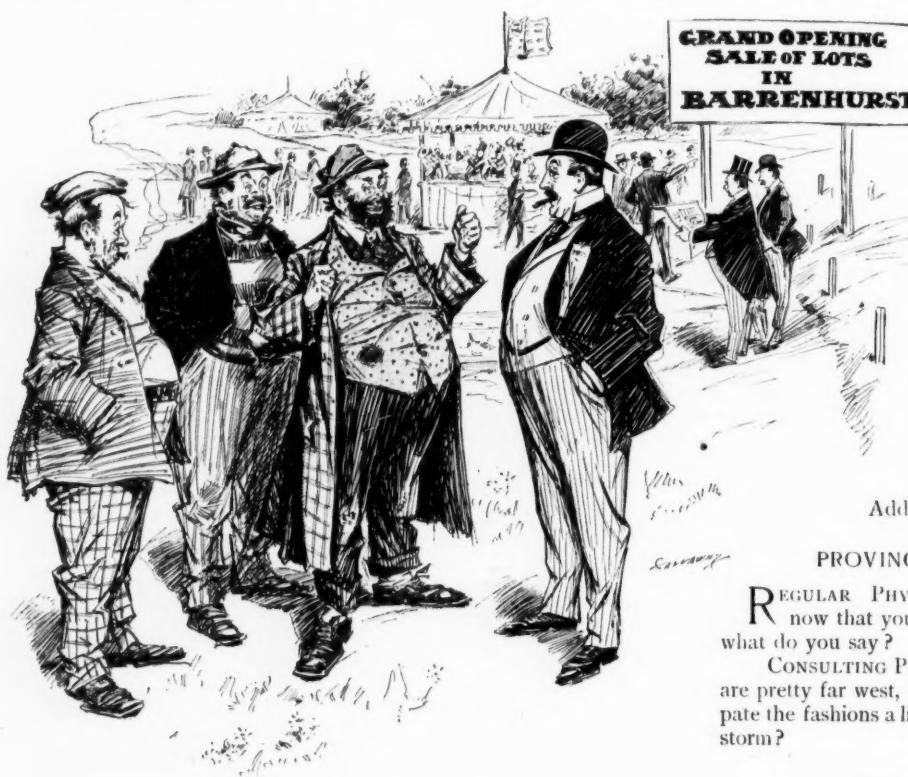
HIS ANSWER.

TEACHER.—Why did Brutus and Casius commit suicide by running on their swords?

SMALL BOY.—Because it was two out, and Mark Antony signaled to run on anything.



A STERN REBUKE.



THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

SPOKESMAN OF THE TRIO.—Gent, we represent a big syndicate of New York capitalists an' we're thinkin' of buyin' up all dis here land an' allowin' youse people a han'some profit. Whereabouts is de lunch tent?

PUCK



ANOTHER GOOD WAY.

DEACON SLICKER.—I think the parson is not sufficiently progressive—and yet I hate to suggest that we discharge him.

DEACON HARDHELL.—Why not raise his salary? Then he'd probably drop dead.

BALLAD OF OUR COOKS.



Jemima—bless her!—loudly scorned
The least prevarications;
Her lightest moments were adorned
With Biblical quotations.
We liked Jemima—I'll be bound
I sometimes think we would have
Kept her forever. But we found
She drank more than she should have.

Selena's specialty was brooms
And scrubbing and adjusting.
Daily she cycloned through the rooms
Industriously dusting.
With her the ice-box door staid shut
And milk staid sweet—*sic semper*,
We really loved Selena, but
We couldn't stand her temper.

Carlotta's voice was soft and low—
A most pacific creature;
A pious goodness seemed to show
Upon her every feature.
And clever, too, we never had
To shout to make her see things;
It's cruel to be obliged to add
She stole our silver tea-things.

Horatio Winslow.

THE COURT AND ITS MISSION.

IN THE Spring the President's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—forty-love, if possible, for from that to a triumphant "game" is but the swish of a racquet. Egg-rolling on the White House lawn is followed annually by ball-rolling, together with smashing and lobbing, on the White House tennis court. Secretary Garfield shakes the mothballs from his summer flannels. Monsieur Jousserand, the French Ambassador, chalks the creases of his sneakers. One of the White House contemporaries of Marse Lin-

coln stretches the net across the court and, with the laughing sun in his eye glasses, the President serves the first ball.

It is a beautiful institution—the White House Tennis Club, the holy of holies of official Washington. Elsewhere strife is ill-tempered, even brutal.

There it is spirited, but friendly.

The principles of the square deal are applied with lime and a

T square—the T standing for Theodore—every morning when the court is marked out. Altogether, White House tennis is on an admirable basis, and under ordinary conditions, criticism would be crime.

Present conditions, however, are out of the ordinary. Those who play tennis with the President are his friends. They would continue to be friends of his even though they ceased to play tennis with him. Their racquets know no brother—save

Roosevelt. But there are some in the land, sad to say, who differ

with the President on several important subjects. These differences have grown until now, occasionally, the mutter of conspiracy is heard, or something that makes a noise like a conspiracy. Words arise, harsher words than the "deuce" and "love" of the tennis court. The latter's atmosphere of blithe good humor and soothing relaxation is absent, and nothing but the tennis court can possibly supply it. The Federal Court, in this respect, is powerless.

Secretary Garfield would miss, no doubt, those delightful doubles in rubber-soled partnership with his chief. And unquestionably to Monsieur Jousserand, an afternoon would seem as a barren time-waste that echoed not with the executive, "Bully." But these gentlemen and the other net knights of the White House, would be more than compensated for their self denial, however great, if they might read in their morning paper that "yesterday, on the White House tennis court, President Roosevelt defeated President Mellen of the New York and New Haven Rail Road, in straight sets, 6—0, 6—2, 6—1." Or that, "the doubles between the President, with Mr. Harriman as his partner, and Secretary Taft, who was paired with Senator Foraker, afforded the best sport of the day. The President and Mr. Harriman played beautifully together and won after a spirited match." Who questions the happy outcome of conference or confab, the parties to which have previously lobbed and smashed, volleyed and served together on a common level—the smooth, delightful level of the White House tennis court?

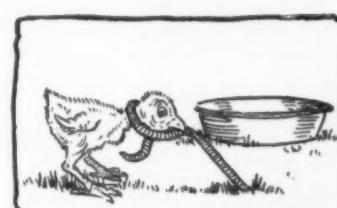
If we must have a big stick, let it be well balanced, rounded at the upper end and strung with good quality of cat-gut.

BUT even the splendid skill and science of Luther Burbank are set at naught when it comes to making the Easter bonnet a hardy perennial.

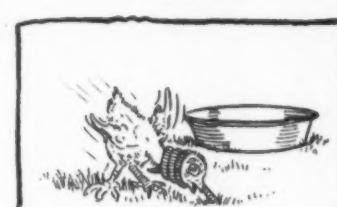
The world is full of Julies, with fathers always ready to provide the balconies.



THE



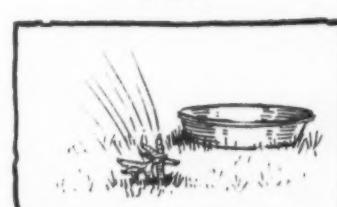
EARLY



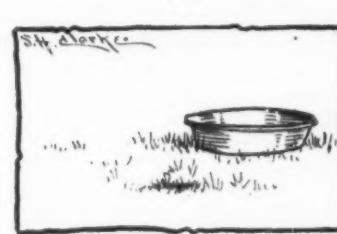
WORM



CATCHES



THE



BIRD.



THE National Pure Food Law and U. S. Pure Food Inspectors were not necessary for whiskies like Sunny Brook. The distillers of this old Kentucky whiskey obeyed the Pure Food Law many years before it was ever thought of or enacted. Every drop of

Sunny Brook The Pure Food Whiskey

either Rye or Bourbon, is "Bottled in Bond" under the direct supervision of U. S. Internal Revenue Officers, who affix over the neck of every bottle of Sunny Brook the Government "Green Stamp," guaranteeing Age, Purity and Quantity.

Of the hundreds of samples analyzed by the North Dakota Pure Food Department Chemists acknowledged to be the most rigid in the United States, Sunny Brook was the only whiskey found Normal. Aged, mellowed, and flavored by storage for many years in heavily charred oaken barrels. Ask for it. Get it.

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
lasts. It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



ALONE.

THE MAN.—None of their relatives will speak to them since their elopement.

THE GIRL.—They ought to be a very happy couple.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.

"How shall I ever meet my obligations?" groaned the bankrupt.
"Meet them half way," suggested his legal adviser.
And thereupon he made a fifty per cent. assignment.—*Princeton Tiger.*



MORE THAN ONE.

"The average woman," said Grumbell, "has but one idea, and that's dress."

"Huh!" snorted Marryat, "my wife usually has at least a dozen ideas, and they're dresses."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

In spite of the pure food law, there is a good deal of near maple sugar in the market now.—*Somerville Journal.*

It is said that 1,000 camels have been named for Theodore Roosevelt. They'll have to keep a hump on to make good.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, tired, aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.



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J.W. HARPER
* RYE *

**BEST
FOR ALL
USES**

Sold by leading dealers

ELIMINATION.
LOEB. — Gentleman to see you, sir.
T. R. — Molly-coddle?

LOEB. — No, sir.
T. R. — Undesirable citizen?

LOEB. — He doesn't look it.

T. R. — Conspirator? Poltroon?

LOEB. — Not that I can see.

T. R. — Deliberate and unqualified, etc.?

LOEB. — I think not, sir.

T. R. — Well, why didn't you tell me it was Taft? Show him in. — *Cleveland Leader*.

THAT WAS YEARS AGO.

"I knew that man when he didn't have a shirt to his back," said the old doctor.

"Why, I thought he came of an old and wealthy family."

"He does. I officiated at his birth." — *Chicago Record-Herald*.

The man who is always trying to be funny is very trying to every one around him. — *Somerville Journal*.

"THIS certainly is a striking resemblance," said the man as his falling portrait hit him on the head. — *Harvard Lampoon*.

JOHN JAMESON ★ ★ ★ WHISKEY

Means Satisfaction for Both Your Guest and Yourself

Sole Agents
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
New York

JUST ENOUGH.

"I never could use money with a clear conscience," said Mrs. Goodsole, "that had been made in stocks. I never could forget that somebody else had lost it."

"That being the case," replied her husband, "I guess I'll give to some charity the \$300 I made to-day."

"Oh, Charley! Did you really? That with the \$300 I have saved will be just enough to pay for the European trip that I've been dreaming of for years." — *Chicago Rec.-Herald*.

HIS MISSION.

"Have you ever tried to convince your constituents that you were another Dagiel Webster?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "what my constituents want is appropriations, not literature." — *Washington Star*.

CALLING NAMES.

REDD. — I see monkeys are remarkably keen of sight, but deficient in sense of smell.

GREENE. — That's the reason why we see so many of 'em in automobiles, I suppose? — *Yonkers Statesman*.



HUNTER RYE

IS THE BEST WHISKEY, HENCE THE MOST WHOLESOME. NO PRAISE COULD BE STRONGER NO TESTIMONY MORE CONVINCING THAN THE APPROVAL OF ITS MILLIONS OF PATRONS.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Pears'
cleanses thoroughly,
soothing and freshening
the skin.
Pears' is pure soap of
gentle character.
Sold everywhere.

Puck Proofs

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DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

By Gordon H. Grant.

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By Stuart Travis.

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PRICE ONE DOLLAR.



AN OLD PRINT.

By "O'Neill."

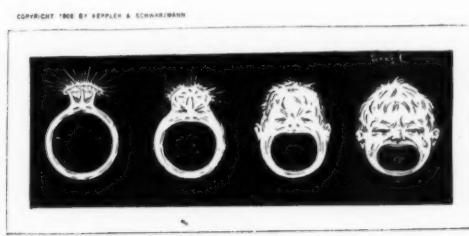
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GUESS WHO!

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By Shef Clarke.

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THE WORLD'S BEST
Bitters

Delicious to the palate, good to the stomach, and the best appetizer known. The original, favorite, cordial liqueur.

ENJOYABLE AS A COCKTAIL
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Used before and after meals it prevents indigestion. Far superior to alcoholic stimulants. It cheers and invigorates, healthfully and permanently.

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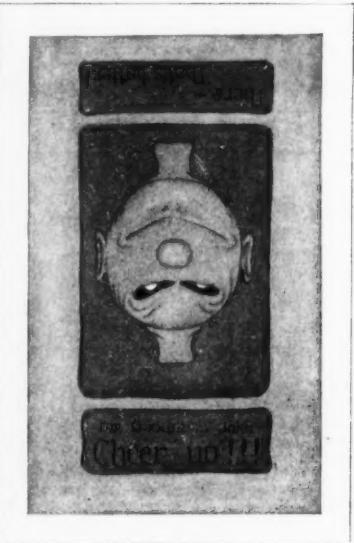
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CHEER UP!!!

CHEER UP!!!



CHEER UP!!! Photo Gelatin Print, 9 x 12 in.
By Leighton Budd. PRICE 25 CENTS.

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and MAKE HOME HAPPY.

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295-309 Lafayette Street.

BROTHER DICKEY'S VERSION.
De whale dat swallered Jonah—
Does you know de reason why?
Jonah wuz a fisherman
In de time gone by;

He tell sich tale erbout de whale,
Dat whale he say fer sho',
Fust chance he git he'll swallered him,
En den he'll talk no mo'!

En w'en he swallered him—oh my!
He riz up fum de sea
En lef' him on de lan', en say:
"Yoo mos' too much fer me!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

SO FATIGUING.

"So Young Richley Kadd isn't to marry Goldie Stiles after all?"

"No; he got scared."

"Well, well! and I heard they had gone so far as to rehearse for the wedding."

"Yes, that was the trouble. They had rehearsed five times, and Richley said the preparations for matrimony were such hard work he was afraid he couldn't stand the real thing at all." — *Cath. Standard and Times.*

FORTUNATE.

"I don't like the way this hotel is run," said the man who always complains.

"Neither do I," answered the impulsive clerk. "But you're in luck; you don't have to live here all the time." — *Washington Star.*

EVEN Mr. Schwab very likely feels that Mr. Corey has acted with scant discretion. — *Indianapolis News.*

Pure good old RED TOP RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

A POOR RULE THEN.

ELDERLEY.—Persevere, my boy, persevere! There's only one way to accomplish your purpose, and that is to "stick to it."

YOUNGLY.—But suppose your purpose is to remove a sheet of fly-paper that you've sat down upon accidentally? — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

MAKING TROUBLE.

SHE.—I see an average man needs 1,600 pounds weight of food yearly.

HE.—Yes, but he doesn't want it in one batch of biscuits, dear! — *Yonkers Statesman.*

"THEY say that alcohol is a food." "Holy smoke!" Think of a Food Fair in Kentucky! — *Harvard Lampoon.*

A Club Cocktail IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whisky base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

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Hartford New York London

MRS. FLASH.

The gay Mrs. Flash has
Remarried, you know;
She came to the city
Three husbands ago.
— *Lippincott's Magazine.*

ONE QUITE ENOUGH.

"I must get you another chair for the kitchen, Katie; I see you have only one."

"Shure, you needn't mind, ma'am. I have none but gentlemen callers?" — *Yonkers Statesman.*



A BIG DIFFERENCE.

NEW RESIDENT.—Do you think I can raise enough in this half acre to supply my table for the summer?

OLD RESIDENT.—Nope; 'fraid ye can't.

NEW RESIDENT.—No? Why, it seems as if I could plant more than I'd need in a year.

OLD RESIDENT.—Oh, surely. But you said *raise*.

Add a little Abbott's Bitters to a glass of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.

WILLING NOT TO BE.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl.

"I don't have to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to need me!" — *Yonkers Statesman.*

If a man is a philosopher, when his wife won't let him smoke in the house, he asks cheerfully: "What is the matter with outdoors?" — *Somerville Journal.*

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EXTRACT

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A DEAD LETTER.

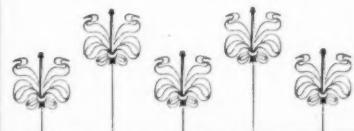
A law's oft passed, as it appears,
By men of honored erudition,
But to be passed in later years
Without a sign of recognition.
—*Washington Star*.

Cobs.—How much does your yacht draw?

Wads.—About a hundred thousand a year.—*Princeton Tiger*.

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PERSONS who scoff at tales of hailstones as big as hen's eggs may now read of the Missouri girl who was knocked silly by a hailstone and forever after hold their peace. This happened yesterday and we can show the place in the newspaper where it occurred.—*Chicago Daily News*.

EVENTS prove that San Francisco just will be San Francisco in spite of all well-meant efforts to reform it.—*Indianapolis News*.

FRANCE believes that in their every move the Japanese are looking toward a war with the United States. It is kind of France to do our worrying for us.—*Chicago Daily News*.



CHEW...
Beeman's
THE ORIGINAL
Pepsin & Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-Sickness.
All Others are Imitations.

GOT MIXED.

ALICE.—She's angry.
KATE.—Why?

ALICE.—He asked her for a lock of her hair.

KATE.—Well?

ALICE.—Then, afterward, she asked him to send it back to her.

KATE.—Well?

ALICE.—And he sent her a lock that wasn't the right color.—*Somerville Journal*.

It is fun to beat a carpet when you're madd.—*Somerville Journal*.

ILLINOIS is to have a 2-cent railroad fare law, presumably to give the Supreme court exercise in knocking it out.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"RECOVERS and will play harp," was a headline in a Denver newspaper yesterday. Usually they play harps when they do not recover.—*Denver Post*.

ALBERT T. PATRICK objects to being attacked by magazine articles. In this he shares the prejudices of a number of men who are prominent in less sensational connections.—*Wash. Star*.

To see all the virtues that have made Ale the popular drink of centuries order

A BOTTLE of EVANS' ALE



You will also find there the reason why Ale is more popular to-day than ever.

Take it with you wherever you go.
Drink it wherever you are.
All Dealers and Pines.

WONDERING.

I wonder if a statesman's skill
Can ever set the tariff straight;
I wonder if the railways will
Be good and not discriminate.
The party quarrels which one sees
Will they at last be set aright?
But more, far more, than all of these,
I wonder if the fish will bite.

My thoughts are dutifully bent
Unto life's more important things;
The struggles of a parliament,
The stern and stubborn pride of
kings.
But when the bud is on the bough
And ripples catch the laughing light,
Attention wanders sadly now;
I'm wondering if the fish will bite.
—*Washington Star*.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

You can easily own a diamond or watch. Pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 monthly payments. Catalog free. Write today.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Dept. G-50, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

THEY'VE ALL BEEN USED.

"Yorke must have a terribly exaggerated ego."
"Why?"

"He thinks he could make a living finding euphonious names for sleeping cars and new brands of cigars."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

SOMEHOW a dollar always seems a good deal bigger when you have to pay it out than it does when you take it in.—*Somerville Journal*.

HEARST is said to have paid a "delicate compliment" to Jefferson in a recent speech. Far greater delicacy would have been shown in refraining from dragging the statesman's memory into the occasion.—*Phila. Ledger*.



STRATEGY.

LITTLE SILAS.—Why don't yer fish where the water's clear, Pop?
BIG SILAS.—I know what I'm doin'. Here the fish can't look up an' see me.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

The man who's won success in life
Feels competent to give advice.
He tells us what we ought to do,
And then repeats it once or twice.
"When I was young," he says with
pride,
"I was as poor as poor could be.
Just do as I did, and perhaps
Some day you'll be as rich as me."

We listen to him when he talks,
And take care not to interrupt,
For when a man is rich, you know,
One really cannot be abrupt.
We listen with an eager air,
Though we have heard it all before,
And then we thank him earnestly—
But oh, he is such an awful bore!
—*Somerville Journal*.

SUCCESS.

Success is the most badly abused word in the world. The railway magnate who, by manipulating stock markets, gains possession of great properties, regards himself as a successful man. The burglar who blows open a safe and escapes with the money he was after considers himself successful. The buccaneer who filled his ship's hold with booty felt that he had won success, and the man who, for the gratification of his own selfish desires, destroys the home of another, feels, we may be sure, that he, too, has been successful.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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